hot as molten lead, & as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepperd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What, ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword. Many a noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the hoones of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuēg'd. I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke Gregorie neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day, I haue paid Percy, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee: I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtol if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I Hal, t'is hot, t'is hot, there's that will ſacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. Well, if Percy be aliue, ile pierce him, if he doe come in my way: ſo, if hee doe not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as ſir Walter hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and there's an end.

Alarme, excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. *Iohn.* Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie, make vp,
Leaſt your retirement doe amaze your friends. (tent.

King. I will doe ſo: my Lord of Weſtmerland, lead him to his

Weſt. Come, my Lord, ile lead you to your tent.

Prin. Lead me, my Lord? I doe not need your helpe,
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

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